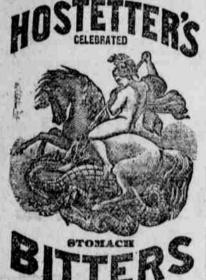
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CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1883. VOL. VIII.

SHIRTS J. D. BABBAGE.

BUY YOUR

what guided her, but yet turned her face in

the appointed way without any doubt. For

doubt was now gone away forever, and

one was awake; but she felt that to move

And still she was not aware what was her

errand, but wondered if she was to go back

er would be pushed softly open from with-

terest, wondering which of the doors she

pushed open close by her, and some one

falling upon the ground, and stretchfor

soil. This sight gave the Pilgrim a great

surprise; for it was the first time she had

heard any sound of pain, or seen any sight

moment she knew what it was that the

no need to pause to think, for her heart

knowing what to say. She went forward

had fallen across the threshold, so as to

she had flung herself upon her face, so that

what manner of person it was; for though

she felt herself strong enough to take up

this new-comer in her arms and carry her

away, yet she forbore, seeing the will of the

stranger was not so. For some time this

woman lay mouning, with now and then a

great sob shaking her as she lay. The lit-

tle Pilgrim had taken her by both her arms

and drawn her head to rest upon her own

lap, and was still holding the hands, which

she herself had lain, not wishing to move,

wondering what had happened to her; then

she clutched the hands which grasped her;

"You are some one new. Have you

come to save me? Oh, save me! Oh, save

This was very strange to the little Pil-

grim, and went to her heart. She soothed

"Dear," she said, "you must try and not

"You say so," said the woman, "because

and said, muttering:

me! Don't let me dief's

light, and stooping over her.

A LITTLE PILGRIM. BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

IN THE UNSEEN .- Continued. The little Pilgrim rose up from the was confused with wonder and fear. She was best. As she moved along she woned. She had meant when she saw his face to ask him to save. Was not be born, did along was a delight, and that her foot not he live and die, to save? The angel scarcely touched the grass. And her maiden looked at her all the while with whole being was instinct with such lighteyes that understood all her perplexity and ness of strength and life, that it did not her doubt, but spoke not. Thus it was that matter to her how far she went, nor what before the Lord came to her, the sweetness she carried, nor if the way was easy or of her first blessedness was obscured, and bard. The way she chose was one of those she found that here too, even here, though in a moment she should see him, there was her coming from thence, with looks that need for faith. Young Margaret, who had were somewhat bewildered, as if they did been kneeling by her, rose up too and not yet know whither they were going or stood among the lilies, waiting, her soft what had happened to them-upon whom countenance shining, her eyes turned to- she smiled as she passed them with soft wards him who was coming. Upon her looks of tenderness and sympathy, knowthere was no cloud nor doubt. She was ing what they were feeling, but did not one of the children of that land familiar stop to explain to them, because she had with his presence. And in the air there something else that had been given her to was a sound such as those who hear it do. For this is what always follows in alone can describe—a sound as of help that country when you meet the Lord, that coming and safety, like the sound of a de- you instantly know what it is that he would liverer when one is in deadly danger, like have you do. the sound of a conqueror, like the step of The little Pilgrim thus went on and on the dearest beloved coming home. As it toward the gate, which she had not seen came nearer, the fear melted away out of when she herself came through it, having the beating heart of the Pilgrim. Who been lifted in his arms by the great Death could fear so near him? Her breath went | Angel, and set down softly inside, so that away from her, her heart out of her bosom | she did not know it, or even the shadow of to meet his coming. Oh, never fear could lit. As she drew nearer, the light became live where he was! Her soul was all con- less bright, though very sweet, like a lovely fused, but it was with hope and joy. She dawn, and she wondered to herself to think held out her hands in that amaze, and that she had been here but a moment ago, dropped upon her knees, not knowing what and yet so much had passed since then.

He was going about his Father's business, not lingering, yet neither making by these same gates, and perhaps return haste; and the calm and peace which the where she had been. She went up to them little Pilgrim had seen in the faces of the very closely, for she was curious to see the blessed were but reflections from the ma- place through which she had come in her jestic gentleness of the countenance to sleep-as a traveler goes back to see the which, all quivering with happiness and city gate, with its bridge and portcullic, wonder, she lifted up her eyes. Many through which he has passed by night. things there had been in her mind to say The gate was very great, of a wonderful, to him. She wanted to ask for those she curious architecture, having strange, deliloved some things which perhaps he had eate arches and canopies above. Some overlooked. She wanted to say, "Send parts of them seemed cut very clean and me." It seemed to her that here was the clear, but the outlines were all softened occasion she had longed for all her life. with a sort of mist and shadow, so that it Oh, how many times had she wished to be looked greater and higher than it was. The able to go to him, to fall at his feet, to lower part was not one great doorway, as gasp,show him something which had been left the Pilgrim had supposed, but had innumundone, something which perhaps for her erable doors, all separate and very parrow. asking he would remember to do. But so that but one could pass at a time, when this dream of her life was fulfilled, though the arch inclosed all, and seemed and the little Pilgrim, kneeling, and all filled with great folding gates, in which shaken and trembling with devotion and the smaller doors were set, so that if need joy, was at his feet, lifting her face to him. seeing him, hearing him then she said nothing to him at all. She no longer wanted to say unything, or wanted anything ex cept what he chose, or had power to think of anything except that all was well, and out, and some one would come in. The everything-everything as it should be in his hand. It seemed to her that all that she had ever hoped for was fulfilled when she met the look in his eyes. At first it seemed too bright for her to meet; but next moment she knew it was all that was needed to light up the world, and in it everything was clear. Her trembling ceased. her little frame grew inspired; though she still knelt, her head rose erect, drawn to him like the flower to the sun. She could not tell how long it was, nor what was of trouble, since she entered here. In that said, nor if it was in words. All that she snew was that she told him all that ever dear Lord had given her to do. She had she had thought; or wished, or intended in all her life; although she said nothing at told her; and she did not hesitate, as she all; and that he opened all things to her, might have done in the other life, not and showed her that everything was well, and no one forgotten, and that the things and gathered this poor creature into her she would have told him of were more near | arms, as if it had been a child, and drew his heart than hers, and those to whom she her quite within the land of peace; for she wanted to be sent were in his own hand. But whether this passed with words or hinder any one entering who might be without words, she could not tell. Her coming after her. It was a woman, and soul expanded under his eyes like a flower. It opened out, it comprehended and felt it was difficult for the little Pilgrim to see and knew. She smote her hands together in her wonder that she could have missed seeing what was so clear, and laughed with a sweet scorn at her folly, as two people who love each other laugh at the little misunderstanding that has parted them. She was hold with him, though she was so timid by nature, and ventured to laugh at herself, not to reproach herself; for his divine eyes spoke no blame, but smiled upon her folly too. And then he laid a hand upon her head, which seemed to fill her with currents of strength and joy running thro' all her veins. And then she seemed to come to herself, saying loud out, "And that I will! and that I will!" and lo, she was kneeling on the warm soft sod alone, and hearing the sound of his footsteps as he went about his Father's business, filling all the air with echoes of blessing. And all the people who were coming and going smiled upon her, and she knew they were the stranger, holding her hands warm and all glad for her that she had seen him, and got the desire of her heart. Some of them

you are well and strong. You don't know to have the tears in their eyes for joy, rewhat it is to be seized in the middle of your membering every one the first time they had themselves seen him and the joy of it; life, and told that you've got to die. Oh, I have been a sinful creature! I am not so that all about there sounded a concord of happy thoughts all echoing to each othfit to did. Can't you give me something that will cure me? What is the good of er, "She has seen the Lord!" Why did she say, "And that I will! and doctors and nurses if they cannot save poor soul that is not fit to die?" that I will!" with such fervor and delight? At this the little Pilgrim smiled upon She could not have told, but yet she knew. The first thing was that she had yet to her, always holding her fast, and said: wait and believe until all things should be "Why are you so afraid to die?" accomplished, neither doubting nor fear-ing, but knowing that all should be well;

waved their hands as they passed, and

some paused a moment and spoke to her

with tender congratulations. They seemed

and the second was that she must delay

no longer, but rise up and serve the Fath-

The woman raised her head to see who it was who put such a strange question

"You are some one new," she said. er according to what was given her as her have never seen you before. Is there any know where it is; they must have brought are the prevailing topi reward. When she had recovered a little one that is not afraid to die? Would you use here in my sleep,—where are we? —[Frankfort Ycoman.

of her rapture, she rose from her knees, like to have to give an account all in a mo and stood still for a little, to be sure which ment, without any time to prepare?" "But you have had time to prepare," way she was to go. And she was not aware

"Oh, only a very, very little time. And I never thought it was true. I am not an that fear that once gave her so much old woman, and I am not fit to die; and mound on which she was sitting. Her soul trouble lest she might not be doing what I'm poor. Oh, if I were rich, I would bribe you to give me something to keep me had thought that an angel might step be- dered at herself more. She felt no longer, alive. Won't you do it for pity?-won't tween a soul on earth and sin, and that if as at first, like the child she remembered you do it for pity? When you are as bad one but prayed and prayed, the dear Lord to have been venturing out in the awful as I am, ch, you will perhaps call for some would stand between and deliver the tempt levely stillness of the morning before any one to help you, and find nebody, like me.

"I will help you for love," said the little Pilgrim, "some one who loves you has sent

The woman lifted herself up a little and shook her head. "There is nobody that loves me." Then she cast her eyes round her and began to tremble again (for the touch of the little Pilgrim had stilled her). "Oh, where am 1?" she said. "They have which led to the great gate, and many met taken me away; they have brought me to a strange place; and you are new. Oh, where have they taken me?—where am 1?—where am I?" she cried. "Have they brought me here to die?"

Then the little Pilgrim bent over her and soothed her. "You must not be so much afraid of dying; that is all over. You need not fear that any more," she said softly, "for here where you now are we have all died."

The woman started up out of her arms, and then she gave a great shrick that made the air ring, and cried out, "Dead! am I dead?" with a shudder and convulsions, throwing herself again wildly

with outstreched hands upon the ground. This was a great and terrible work for the little Pilgrim-the first she had ever had to do-and her beart failed her for a moment; but afterward she remembered our Brother who sent her, and knew what was best. She drew closer to the newcomer, and took her hand again.

"Try," she said, in a soft voice, "and think a little. Do you feel now so ill as you were? Do not be frightened, but think a little. I will hold your hand. And look at me, you are not afraid of me?"

The poor creature shuddered again, and then she turned ber face, and looked doubtfully, with great dark eyes dilated. and the brow and cheek so curved and puckered round them that they seemed to glow out of deep caverns. Her face was full of anguish and fear. But as she looked at the little Pilgrim, her troubled gaze softened. Of her own accord she clasped her other hand upon the one that held hers, and then she said with a

"I am not afraid of you; that was not true that you said! You are one of the sisters, and you want to frighten me and make me repent!"

"You do repent," the Pilgrim said. "Ob," cried the poor woman, "what has look at you, I never saw any one like you, many to enter. Of the little doors many shefore. Don't you hate me?-don't you were shut as the Pilgrim approached; but loathe me? I do myself. It's so ugly to from moment to moment one after anothdo wrong. I think now I would almost rather die and be done with it. You will little Pilgrim looked at it all with great insay that is because I am going to get better. I feel a great deal better now. Do you think I am going to get over it? Oh herself had come by; but while she stood absorbed by this, a door was suddenly I am better! I could get up out of bed and walk about. Yes, but I am not in flung forward into the blessed country, bed,-where have you brought me? Never mind, it is a fine air; I shall soon get well here." out wild arms as though to clutch the very

The Pilgrim was silent for a little, holding her gands. And then she said .-"Tell me how you feel now," in her

The woman had sat up and was gazing cound her. "It is very strange," she said; it is all confused. I think upon my mother and the old prayers I used to say, For a long, long time I always said my prayers; but now I've got hardened, they say. Oh, I was once as fresh as any one. It all comes over me now. I feel as if I were young again-just come out of the country. I am sure that I could walk."

The little Pilgrim raised her up, holding her by her hands; and she stood and gazed round about her, making one or two doubtful steps. She was very pale, and the light was dim; her eyes peered into it with a scared yet eager look. She made another step, then stopped again.

"I am quite well," she said. "I could walk a mile. I could walk any distance. What was that you said? Oh, I tell you I am better! I am not going to die."

"You will never, never die," said the little Pilgrim; "are you not glad it is all over? Oh, I was so glad! And all the more you should be glad if you were so much the poor creature had thrown out as if to afraid." clutch the ground. Thus she lay for a lit-

tle while, as the little Pilgrim remembered But this woman was not glad. She shrank away from her companion, then came close to her again, and gripped her with her hands.

"It is your-fun," she said, "or just to righten me. Perhaps you think it will do me ne harm as I am getting so well, you want to frighten me to make me good. But I mean to be good without that-I do! -I do! When one is so near dying as I have been and yet gets better,-for I am going to get better! Yes! you know it as well as L'

The little Pilgrim made no reply, but stood by, looking at her charge, not feeling that any thing was given her to say,-and she was so new to this work, that there was a little trembling in her, lest she should not do every thing as she ought. And the woman looked round with those anxious eyes gazing all about. The light did not brighten as it had done when the Pilgrim herself first came to this place. For one thing, they had remained quite close to the gate, which no doubt threw a shadow. The woman looked at that, and then turned and looked into the dim morning, and did not know where she was, and her

heart was confused and troubled. "Where are we?" she said. "I do Men's Clothing Department.

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How strange to bring a sick woman away out of her room in her sleep! I suppose it was the new doctor," she went on, looking very closly in the little Pilgrim's face; then paused, and drawing a long breath, said softly, "It has done me good. It is better at Abbasseeyeh was a hotbed of cholera, air-it is-a new kind of cure!"

But though she spoke like this, she did with wondering and fear. She gripped the trembled, leaning upon her.

"Why don't you speak to me?" she don't know how to live in this place! What beneath an arcade we entered a dark doordo you do?—how do you speak? I am way, just as the last of a herd of idiots had not fit for it. And what are you? I never saw you before, nor any one like you. What do you want with me? Why are you so kind to me? Why-why-"

And here she went off into a murmar of round her, groping as it were in the dimness with her great eyes.

"I have come because our dear Lord who is our Brother sent me to meet you, and because I love yeu," the little Pilgrim said.

up her hands. "But no one loves me: I have not deserved it." Here she grasped her close again with a sudden clutch, and cried out, "If this is what you say, where is

"Are you afraid of him ?" the little Pilgrim said.

Upon which the woman trembied that the Pilgrim trembled too with the quivering of her frame; then loosed her hold, and fell her upen face, and cried,-

"Hide me! hide me! I have been great sinner! Hide me, that he may not see me;" and with one hand she tried to draw the Pilgrim's dress as a veil between ber and something she feared. "How should I hide you from him who

is every where? and why should I hide you from your Father?" the tittle Pilgrim said. This she said almost with judignation, wondering that any one could put more trust in her, who was no better than a child, than in the Father of all. But then she said, "Look into your heart, and you will see you are not so much afraid as you think. This is how you have been accustomed to frighten yourself. But now look into your heart. You thought you were very ill at first, but not now; and you think you are afraid; but look into your heart-"

woman raised her head with a wonderful look, in which there was amazement and doubt, as if she had heard some joyful, thing, but dared not yet believe that it was true. Once more she hid her face in her hands, and once more raised it again. Her eyes softened; a long sigh or gasp, like one taking breath after drowning, shook her breast. Then she said; "I think -that is true. But if I am not afeaid, it is because I am-bad. It is because I am bardened. Oh, should not I fear him who can send me away into the lake that burns-into the pit-" And here she gave a great cry, but held the little Pilgrim all the while with her eyes, which seemed to plead and ask for better news.

Continued next week.

Louisville enjoyed the presence of two live lords last week-Lord Chief Justice Coloridge and Sir William McCormac. The average Louisville society man having never before used the words My Lord, except as an exclamation of wonder, with a long accent on the first word, has adjusted the pronunciation to the English all the part surrounding it being much standard, and now has it pat. "Me Lud" Chief Justice and "Me Lud" MacCormac are the prevailing topics of conversation.

EGYPT'S ANCHORAGE ASYLUM.

Horrors of an Egyptian Madhouse, Cairo correspondence Egyptian Gazette. Grave suspicions were entertained by many that the government lunatic asylum

and that the existence of the disease within the walls was being concealed. No difnot convince herself; her eyes were wild ficulty at all was made about my being ad. mitted to the place. We were ushered Pilgrim's arm more and more closely, and through a deep, dismal archway into the recreation ground of the asylum, where the mad people were wandering about in a solsaid; "why don't you tell me? Oh, I itary, purposeless way. Turning to the left fifteen strides along a sombre passage, and on reaching the wall made a quarter turn to the right and stood facing a long, lofty corridor, lighted only by a few small win questions. Why? why? always fiolding dows near the ceiling, secured by iron bars. fast by the little Pilgrim, always gazing All along the corridor, at the base of the wall on the left hand, the lunatics sat squatted on their haunches in a long and almost interminable row. To all appearance they were a quiet, inoffensive, miserable-looking lot of creatures, literally clothed in sack cloth. Their only garment consisted of a coarse sackeloth shirt, descending to their knees, with an aperture through which to pass the head, and sleeves falling halfway to the elbows. They had not a particle of linen about them. On our right were the bedrooms: lofty, spacious, sombre apartments, entered through low doorways. The bedsteads were similar to those in use in the native hospitals and barracks-iron frames and planks. The bedding and bedclothes were filthy in the extreme, and swarming with vermin. Each room was crowded with beds placed about an arm's length from each other. The stench was intolerable, both in the apartments and the corridors. No regard was even paid to the

most elementary notions of cleanliness. At length we reached what I can only describe as the chamber of horrors-the apartment in which refractory patients were mastered and treated. It was a lofty, spacious room, with plenty of light. Here a most horrible sight greeted us. All round the walls, at regular distances of about six feet, were arched cavities commencing at the ground and extending to a height of about two feet six inces. The extremities of a curved iron bar were firmly fixed in the masonry on either side of each cavity. The week: purpose of this arrangement was as follows: When a man became violent he was placed, being firmly lashed to it. The cavity in the wall was supposed to prevent him injurfirst thing that met our gaze was a recum-

ered with red Morocco leather. On this I mayed into the house before subdown . machine was scated a patient, with the back of his head against the padding and his legs extended toward us. The three or four attendants by whom he was surrounded were engaged in binding his arms to rings fixed behind the back part of the machine. The left side of this wretched being's head, at the height of the eyes, was covered with blood and his left eye was almost closed, swollen and inflamed. While the attendants were sugaged in tying him up he was cheeks, and he rocked his head gontly from er two will die."

side to side as if in pain, occasionally glaneing toward us. While we stood gazing at the horrible sight he did not attempt to offer the least resistance. Of course the njury which he had sustained may have been self-inflicted, but it is equally likely, I think, that he had been knocked down by one of the keepers. The appearance of this prison was filthy in the extreme. Tht steuch was insufferable. The kitchen, which was close at hand, was a gloomy, dirty sort of place. The women's quarters were even worse than those of the men. They were very crowded, and their generally filthy condition is beyond description. Many of the woman were bysterical, and

A DREADFUL DEATH.

Four Men Suffective Beneath Four-teen Bundred Epshels of Onts and Ten Others Narrowly Escape With Their Lives.

MINNEAPOLIES, MINN., Oct. 10 .- The Pribune's Moorehead, Minn., special says' that a dreadful and fatal accident occurred last night at the farm of Mr. Northrup eight miles east of Moorhend, in wich four nen were killed outright and ten more narrowly escaped with their lives. The men were members of a threshing crew, who had been threshing for Northrup the day previous, and were sleeping in the lower story of a grangy, in the upper part of which were fourteen hundred bushels of oats. During the night, while the men were asleep, the floor auddenly gave way, completely burying eight who were sleeping af the end of the building where the floorgave way. Six men sleeping at the other end were partially crowded through the side of the hose, which gave way to the sudden pressure, and made their escape without difficulty. After giving the alarm they set to work to remove their comrades from underneath the onis. When the unfortunate men were reached four were dead from suffocation and some others so nearly so that it was a matter of doubt for several hours if they would not die from the effects. The dead are Andrew Larson, R. A. Rodes. the engineer and another whose name is unknown

A Wife and a House in One Day. Columbia Spectator.

By our own Col. Frank Wolford, member of Congress from this (the 11th) district, the following was related one day last

"When I was first married, I asked my wife to be my mate early in the morning, with his legs bound and with his back against got married before breakfast, after breakthe iron bar, in a sitting posture, his arms fast bought me a farm and started to pick out a location for a house. I met the overseer of the county road, who was that ing his head against the masonry. As we day going to work the road and had about entered this veritable torture chamber, the two hundred hands. I told him I had bought the farm and was on my way to sebent figure surrounded by three or four at- lect a spot for my house. He remarked to me if I would furnish him three gallons of We discovered a machine bearing a close whisky he would take his hands and build esemblance to a weighing machine on the my house that day. I told him I would bascule principle, only that the bottom see him in his grave before I would give part, that upon which the goods to be him or his hands one drop of whisky, weighed are placed, extended some three Then he asked me for \$5: I gave this to or four feet from the back piece. The top him, and he called up his force and built of this back piece was padded to the depth the house that day, and it was the best of about a foot, the pedded part being cov- bouse I ever saw-12 feet square.' I moved

Six Children Poisoned.

Partstumen, Oct. 10.-A Greensburg, Pat, special says: "Six children of John Stouffer, of Ligonier, were polsoried this morning by eating weeks in the woods near that place. The mother had been visiting a neighbor, and when she returned she found the children lying around the room, to all appearances dead. Medical aid was quickly summoned, and after working with the children for several hours four of them sobbing, the tears streaming down his were pronounced out of danger. The other